

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, June, 1891.

No. 1.



THESE ARE NOT THE GEESE THAT SAVED ROME.

We are indebted to the Ault & Wiborg Company, Cincinnati, for this beautiful picture.

THE TWELVE HANDSOME KONKS.

"O, mamma!" cried Effie Brown, "do see this lovely bird!"

"Konk!" screamed the bird, as Mamma Brown looked out of the door.

"He says his name is Konk!" shouted Effie, laughing. "He came right down from the sky."

"Yes, he is a wild goose," replied her mother, "and what a beautiful creature!"

He was dark gray, and had a black stripe over his back. He was limping as if he had a broken leg.

The Brown family geese stood about and bobbed their heads and stared at the new goose. Konk was much larger and finer than they.

But they made up their minds to be friendly, and soon Konk was quite at home with the Brown geese.

"We will take good care of him, Effie, and perhaps he will always live with us."

"So we will, mamma," said Effie; "I will feed him every day."

Konk stayed all winter, and was very pleasant with the other geese. But early in the spring, one warm day, he seemed uneasy. He kept turning his head, and looking up in the sky.

All at once he cried "Konk!" and spread his wings. Away he flew into the air.

Far up in the sky Effie could just see a file of wild geese sailing away. Konk flew after them and was soon lost to sight.

"Oh, dear Konk!" Effie cried, and as she ran to tell her mother she was wiping the tears from her eyes. "Poor old Konk!" she said, "we shall never see him again."

But now, what do you think happened? The very next autumn Effie was sitting by the window, when "Konk! Konk" and ever so many more "Konks!" sounded close by.

Effie ran to the door. Yes, there he came, the dear old konk; and what do you think?

Another lovely konk; two konks; three, four, five konks; yes, a whole dozen of the handsome gray konks!

The first konk felt quite at home, and showed his friends all about the barn-yard. But he would not speak to his old comrades, the Brown geese.

He had not a broken leg this time, you see. And there he was, with his fashionable friends, all handsomely dressed. Geese are just as vain as some boys and girls I know.

The twelve wild konks strutted about as proud as could be. They remained all winter, and fine times they had in their warm goose-palace.

"I suppose they will fly away soon," said Mamma Brown, one warm spring day.

WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

Several editions of "*Black Beauty*" have been published in Boston and New York which leave out a large part of the valuable humane matter published in ours, substituting advertisements, some of which neither parents nor teachers would wish to have read in their families or schools.

We advise all wishing the book to carefully examine before buying.

Our editions will always be on sale at as low or less prices than any other, even though we lose thousands of dollars.

TO AMERICAN EDITORS.

We respectfully ask all American editors, to whom this paper is sent monthly, and who believe there is need of humane education in America, to kindly read our editorials and help on our work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

449,000 COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

Last month we had the pleasure of announcing another edition of 50,000 copies of "*Black Beauty*," carrying the total up to 421,000. This month we add another edition of 28,000, carrying the total to 449,000 printed and printing, in a little over a year from publication, probably more than double the number of copies ever printed of any book in America, and perhaps in the world, in the same length of time from publication.

The prices of "*Old Gold*" edition are six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; "*Terra Cotta*" and "*Board*" editions, on thicker paper, twelve cents at our offices and twenty cents when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on 1000 copies rarely exceed half a cent to a cent per copy. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President [of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy], 19 Milk Street, Boston.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE RELIGIOUS PRESS OF AMERICA.

In this number of our paper we publish a most interesting account of that Christian woman of England, Anna Sewell, whose name is now fast obtaining a world-wide celebrity as the author of "*Black Beauty*."

It has been prepared by Mr. Eben Shute, of Boston, for many years secretary of the "Massachusetts Sunday School Association," from "*The Life and Letters*" of Miss Sewell's mother, recently published in London, and will be read with profound interest by the Christian men and women of all religious denominations.

We have thought it better not to copyright this publication, and shall be glad to have the religious press and the press generally use it freely so far as they may wish.

THE POWER OF ADVERTISING.

A New York firm, to whom we have sold a hundred thousand copies of our cheap edition of "*Black Beauty*," write us May 16th that a single insertion of an advertisement in a paper of large circulation has brought them already over five thousand letters containing orders for the book.

A KIND WORD TO DOG AND CAT OWNERS.

If your dogs and cats disturb the neighbors by howling in the night, it is your fault, not theirs. You have no more right to let them disturb neighbors by howling in the night, than you have to go out in your back yards and howl yourselves; and if by reason of your neglect they are poisoned or otherwise killed, it is your fault.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Coming up Beacon Street from Tremont the other evening, we saw a beautiful sight. A horse, evidently kind, but tired, was trying to pull a wagon-load of coal up the hill. He stopped, and said with his eyes as plainly as a horse can speak, "The load is too heavy." Almost instantly three men and two boys who were passing sprang to the rescue, blocked the wheels, and, as soon as the horse was a little rested, pushed and pulled the wagon to the top of the hill.

It is such sights as this frequently occurring in our streets that show the wonderful revolution that "*Black Beauty*" is bringing about for man's faithful servant and friend—the horse.

It is one of the chief delights of our daily life to see and read and hear of the fruit that is coming from the wide distribution of this wonderful book, which reaches the hearts alike of little children and strong men.

It is our earnest hope that it may so reach the hearts of some of our wealthy friends as to lead them to give as the means of distributing all over this country millions of copies.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW DWIGHT L. MOODY HELPED THE ANIMALS.

(From Autobiographical Sketches by Geo. T. Angell.)

A recent pleasant interview with Mr. D. L. Moody, in which he spoke of the interest taken by his son in "*Black Beauty*," reminded us of the following incident which we know will give pleasure to many of our readers:—

November 11, 1878, I started on a Southern tour to speak for animals. I took part in the meetings of "The American Humane Association" at Baltimore. At the close of the meetings I determined to remain awhile in Baltimore, and endeavor to awaken public interest in that city, where the claims of animals had received but little attention. For this purpose I obtained the consent of educational authorities, and addressed the students of "Johns Hopkins University," about six hundred students of "Baltimore College," about five hundred at the "Girls' High School," a large number at the "Maryland State Normal School," about two hundred at the "Friends' School," and a meeting of Friends in private parlors, and organized "The Baltimore Humane Education Society;" also about nine hundred convicts in the State Penitentiary,—the first instance, so far as I know, in which convicts in a State prison were ever addressed on this subject.

The last day of my stop at Baltimore was a notable one. The great Maryland Sunday-school Convention was in session in one of the largest churches, and every moment occupied. I had applied in vain for permission to speak in behalf of animals. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, then in Baltimore, was to take charge of its exercises on the great day of the convention. I went to his house, and asked him to speak for those who could not speak for themselves. He said, "Come and speak yourself." I said, "They will not let me." He said, "Come to the church to-morrow morning." I was there promptly, with two thousand copies of "Marett Tract." The great church was packed—every seat full, the aisles full; from one to two hundred clergymen, perhaps, on the platform. Each county with its banner. No admission except by ticket. In a few moments Mr. Moody came. "Follow me," said he. He took me through the crowd to the platform. "Put your tracts here and follow me," he said; and in one minute I found myself on the front of the platform, in the chair which had apparently been reserved for him. He called for another chair; gave out one of his beautiful melodies; then sent the contribution boxes around, ordered them up to the platform so that all the ministers might have a chance to give, then sent them down to the vestry, saying, "I don't want any money rattling around here." Then another melody; then spoke some twenty minutes, bringing tears to the eyes of many; then broke off suddenly, and, while every eye was upon him, said: "My friend Mr. Angell, of Boston, is now going to talk to you about kindness to animals, a most important subject for Sunday schools. Step forward, Mr. Angell, and speak." I do not think there was ever a more astonished audience. I am sure that during the fifteen minutes I addressed them I never had a more attentive one. At the close he at once took charge of the distribution of the tracts, and added words of kindness which I shall never forget.

And that is how Mr. Moody helped the animals.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The following letter from the Hon. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, certainly deserves notice:—

WHITE HALL, MADISON CO., KY., April 8, 1891.—More than a thousand blackbirds (bred here) have just returned to my grounds. This indicates spring. My fruit and vegetables are among these trees and shrubs where they nest and raise their young. Not a seed, not a berry or other fruit is touched. They are remarkably insectivorous.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over ten thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Texas has a *Hog* for governor, a *Pig* for judge, a *Lamb* for senator, a *Durham* for representative, and a *Buffalo* for sheriff. It would seem as if the Lone Star State proposes to run her political machinery on a "regular stock combination."

—Florence (Ga.)

Banner.



DOROTHY, A FRIEND OF DUMB ANIMALS.

Kindly loaned us by "The Moss Engraving Company," 535 Pearl Street, New York City. First published in "American Art Printer."

DOROTHY.

In a low white cottage among the trees,
Dorothy lives with her father;
'Midst apple-tree blossoms, and honey-bees
His comfort and pleasure looks after,
Who, returning from toil of tilling the soil,
Exclaims, as he sees his fair daughter,
"Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
I could not do without you."

Through the grass trips her light-springing feet,
To attend to the birds and her flowers,
Her supple form bends 'neath the branches sweet,
And as the blooms fall upon her in showers,
They seem to say, in their own sweet way,
"Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
We could not live without you."

The fragrant lilacs down by the gate
Nod their heads in the soft spring breeze,
While the robin walks on the lawn, and calls to his mate,
In her hidden nest above in the eaves;
The birds on their perches, 'mid cut-leaf birches,
Swing, and sing, with the fluttering leaves,
To Dorothy, dear,
"My love, do you hear?
We would not live without you."

Through the vine-twined hedge a form she sees,
That is noble, with manly beauty, his portion;
With a flush on her cheek like pink sweet peas,
She hides not her girlish emotion.
He clasps her hand, as he repeats again,
Oft-uttered words of devotion,
"Dorothy, dear,
My love, do you hear?
I cannot live without you."

HELEN A. SHATTUCK.

A GOOD GOOSE STORY.

It is not uncommon to hear good fish and snake stories, but geese stories are rarer, and yet the *New York Sun* has a rich one now. It narrates that a farmer named Purdy, who lives on the shore of Lake Kenka, had a flock of eleven geese in this lake.

A week ago a flock of a dozen wild geese were flying south over the lake, and, noticing their tame relatives, alighted. Farmer Purdy heard a noisy cackling and rushed for his gun to capture a wild goose or two. But he was too late. The wild geese rose to depart, and strange to say the tame flock went with them. The farmer was disconsolate at the loss of his geese.

A week later he noticed a flock of geese travelling north. He noted the movement as queer at this season, but, bent on revenge for his loss, prepared his gun and succeeded in killing two before he discovered that they were his own geese returned. The nine living ones seem delighted with their home, now that they know what the world contains, and the neighborhood is speculating upon the extent of their wanderings and the wonderful instinct that led them back to the place where they were hatched.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and thirty-two new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *ten thousand two hundred and six*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of about *eight thousand* newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

\$1000—BLEEDING CALVES.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," I offer *fifty prizes of twenty dollars each* for evidence by which the Society shall convict persons of the illegal bleeding of calves in Massachusetts before they are killed.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

MAKE IT PERSONAL.

If any of our correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "*Personal*."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

Some days I have over two hundred letters, and over one hundred magazines, newspapers, etc.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy.

19 Milk Street, Boston, March, 1891.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

HORSES MUTILATED BY DOCKING.

In the last number of this paper I said to the owners of docked horses that, by reason of the immense sale and circulation of "*Black Beauty*," docked horses are likely to soon become in this country very poor property, and that while I had failed, after two hearings, to secure from our Legislature a law at this session making such horses unsalable in Massachusetts, I had strong assurances that such a law will be enacted at the next.

In the meantime I would most earnestly ask every lover of the horse to do what some are already doing, namely, *refuse to hire, or ride on, or after, any docked horse, except in case of absolute necessity.*

OUR VIVISECTION PRIZE ESSAYS.

We announced in our April paper that the committee of "*The Harvard University Medical School*" had awarded the prize of \$250 for the best essay advocating vivisection to *John A. MacPhail, B. A., M. D.*, 6 University Street, Montreal, Canada, and that in behalf of our "*American Humane Education Society*" we had sent him a check for \$250.

We have now the pleasure of announcing that *Philip G. Peabody, Esq.*, of Boston, committee appointed by "*The American Anti-vivisection Society of Philadelphia*," has awarded the prize of \$250 offered by our "*American Humane Education Society*" for the best essay opposing vivisection, to the essay signed "*F. F. Acts*."

On opening the letter accompanying this essay we found the writer to be *Mr. Joseph M. Greene*, of 6 Elmont Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, and in accordance with this decision we have paid *Mr. Greene* \$250.

Fourteen essays opposing vivisection were submitted, many of which were written with great care.

None of the letters accompanying the essays were opened until after the decision of the committee. Of course it was impossible for the committee to know by whom any essay was written.

We have read both of the prize essays with profound interest.

We doubt whether any abler presentations of the subject have ever been written.

We intend to publish them together in pamphlet form and to copyright them, and give every one the right to republish them together, and no one the right to publish them separately.

In the July number of this paper we shall probably be able to give full information.

Mr. Peabody is entitled to much credit for giving, gratuitously, a large amount of time to the reading and re-reading and re-re-reading of the fourteen competing essays.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

TRANSLATIONS OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We are happy to say that the *Italian* translation which has been made by *Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza*, of Portland, Maine, the well-known writer of so many beautiful poems and stories which have appeared in leading American papers and magazines, is now in the hands of *Rev. Father Athanasius*, of Boston,—pastor of the *Italian R. C. church*,—and will soon be ready for printing; and the *German* translation, made by *Mrs. Franzisca Strecker*, of White Plains, N. Y., is also completed, and will soon be ready for printing.

It is proper to add that both these translations have been made by the kind ladies above mentioned, *gratuitously*, as a *work of love in aid of our "American Humane Education Society."*

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" AT THE STATE HOUSE.

If there is any place in the world where papers of all kinds are thrown into the waste basket without reading, it is at our State Houses.

We send each month to our Legislature, during their sessions, three hundred copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*." In a careful examination of all our representatives' waste baskets, on the evening of May 5th, the day on which we sent our May number, *only three copies* were found.

We may be mistaken, but we have reason to believe that our paper is very generally read by the many thousands of editors to whom it is regularly sent, or *their families*, and we very much doubt whether any other paper in the world has a larger number of *influential readers* than "*Our Dumb Animals*."

A MONUMENT TO HENRY BERGH.

We are pleased to learn that a monument, costing some \$20,000, has been erected at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in memory of *Henry Bergh*, and that his nephew and namesake was present at its dedication.

It has been a matter of wonder to us that the very rich society founded by *Mr. Bergh*, in New York city—*nine-tenths of whose money was probably obtained through his name and influence*—has thus far made no movement, so far as we have learned, to testify its gratitude.

It may make very little difference to our deceased friend, but it may make a vast difference to coming generations whether we perpetuate or ignore the memory of the world's benefactors.

We learn that the drinking-trough is composed of five blocks of Vermont granite, and is ninety-five feet in circumference, and that the statue of *Mr. Bergh* is eight feet in height.

It is an additional pleasure to us to know that one of the societies which we have had the honor to personally aid in founding has erected this magnificent testimonial to the man who founded at New York the first society in America.

If nothing else had resulted, we should feel that we have been richly repaid for our work in Milwaukee in October and November, 1879.

FIFTY PRISONS.

We are most glad to receive a check from *Miss G. Kendall*, one of the New York vice-presidents of our "*American Humane Education Society*," with order to send fifty of our board edition of "*Black Beauty*," to be placed in *fifty prison libraries*.

\$100,000.

We are now sending out circulars asking a hundred thousand dollars for our "American Humane Education Society," to aid in circulating "Black Beauty" gratuitously all over this country, and, so far as possible, over other countries where great cruelty prevails.

There is not a city or town in America that does not need this humane education.

Attached to this circular are extracts from earnest letters from our most eminent clergy—Protestant and Roman Catholic—and our most eminent educators, expressing the hope that we may be able to send "Black Beauty" not only into every school but every home.

THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON writes: "I hope that its kind teachings may be extended to all nations."

Bishop MALLALIEU, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes: "I most earnestly wish the book might be read by every boy and girl and every man and woman in Christendom."

Bishop LEONARD, of Ohio, writes: "It will prove a blessing to all men and women who read it, as well as a blessing to the dumb beasts."

Rev. Dr. R. S. STORRS, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "We are unanimous and enthusiastic in the desire that it should be read by every one."

Rev. Dr. FAUNCE, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, N. Y. city, writes: "Whatever you can do to circulate this book will be done in the interests of humanity and religion."

Rev. Dr. J. H. BARROWS, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Chicago, writes: "Such a humane and fascinating book has a great mission. It ought to be read by the millions."

Bishop POTTER, of New York, writes: "The circulation of 'Black Beauty' is missionary work indeed."

President CARTER, of "Williams College," writes: "Your society cannot do a more educating or nobler thing than to distribute this beautiful classic."

President SMALD, of "Colby University," writes: "'Black Beauty' would work a moral revolution if made part of the supplementary reading in common schools. Its circulation cannot be too general."

President GATES, of "Amherst College," writes that he "rejoices that so many copies of 'Black Beauty' have been put in the hands of American readers within the past year."

President GABRIEL, of "St. Joseph's College," Troy, N. Y., writes: "Its sentiments cannot fail to promote kindness to men as well as to dumb animals."

Chancellor McCracken, of "The University of New York," writes: "I have read 'Black Beauty,' and asked my three boys to read it as part of their education, for I deem it a most valuable text-book in applied or practical ethics."

President GILMAN, of "Johns Hopkins University," Baltimore, writes: "'Black Beauty' ought to be widely circulated throughout the land."

President ROGERS, of "The North-Western University," Evanston, Illinois, writes: "The book 'Black Beauty' ought to be read by every boy and girl in the country; and 'The American Humane Education Society' is doing a very commendable thing in aiding in its distribution among our people. The book deserves to be universally read, and should find its way into every home."

These are only a few extracts from letters attached to our circular; and they in turn are only a few extracts from more than six thousand letters we have received in praise of this book.

We could fill one volume of its praise from thousands of newspapers, including those of largest circulation and highest literary standing.

We could fill another volume with letters in its praise from educators; another volume with letters from clergymen; and many volumes with letters from the public generally.

But do you expect, Mr. Angell, to get this \$100,000?

We answer: Why not? Rev. Dr. Hedge has pronounced our work of humane education "the best charity of the day." Frances E. Willard has said: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one. Not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

What caused the trouble at New Orleans but lack of humane education?

What causes wars, riots, anarchy, incendiary fires, assassinations, poisonings, and every form of cruelty that endangers property and life, but the lack of humane education?

How many Quakers or Moravians were ever hung?

How can the world, including hundreds of thousands, and millions, whom no church can ever reach, be made happier and better in any easier or more practical way than by humane education?

We were asked the other day how much

MY OLD CAT.

Come, dear children, gather round me,
And we'll have a pleasant chat;
I will tell you a true story
Of my cat.

Now, she is n't very handsome,
So they say who claim to be
Judges of the feline creature,
But to me

She is everything that's lovely,
Though her head is rather small,
And her body lean and lanky
As a wall.

You would call her color malty,
Faded out, and rather flat,
While her tail is thin and pointed
As a rat.

She is eight years old and ugly,
And most people does despise;
But she loves me fondly, truly,
And she's wise.

For I love her very dearly,
Tho' she scratches me when bad;
Yet if any one ill treats her
I am mad.

If the grocer calls upon me
And I chance to be away,
Like a lion growls she at him,
As at bay.

Plants herself just in the centre
Of the large, old-fashioned room,
When she spits, he looks around him
For a broom.

I am sure she fiercely hates him,
And his very look has read;
For I know he often wishes
She were dead.

Then when I come in to see him,
She will bound upon my knee,
Kissing, fondling, loving truly
Only me.

People praise my dog and pony,
One says this, and one says that,
But the creature dearest to me
Is my cat.

ROSA.



THREE "BAND OF MERCY" MEMBERS.

money we wanted for humane education, and we answered, a million of dollars.

How can a million of dollars be spent more profitably than in humanely educating our American people alone?

Hundreds of other good charities are dealing with poisonous leaves and rotten branches, while we are striking right at the roots of cruelty and every form of crime; and, in doing this, are making hundreds of thousands of human lives both happier and better.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President [of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy], 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY STUDENTS.

EXETER, N. H., May 8.—Wednesday night the seniors of Phillips Exeter Academy put their class colors on the Academy spire. Last night the members of the middle class attempted to remove them and substitute their own. The seniors resisted, and were aided by the juniors. The "Middlemen" reinforced by the "Preps," made a determined assault, and in a few minutes three hundred students were engaged in a general mêlée, in which fists were freely used, and a number of windows broken. Principal Fish dispersed the rioters, who later made noisy demonstrations before the residence of Mr. Fish, firing off cannon crackers, etc. During the night some persons—the students claim they do not know who—daubed Mr. Fish's house and the Academy fences with red paint.—Boston Evening Transcript, May 8th.

[It is possible that our college presidents and teachers may in time become aware that something beside intellectual education is necessary to make good, law-abiding citizens, and that they had better encourage what we are constantly advocating,—the formation of "Legions of Honor" in our higher seminaries, and "Bands of Mercy" in our other schools.—EDITOR.]

TOLEDO, OHIO.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a check from James M. Brown, Esq., president of the Toledo Humane Society, for two hundred and thirty annual subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals."

THREE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers three members of the American Band of Mercy in Dubuque, Iowa.

Some time since we had the pleasure of a call from the advertising manager of the "Dubuque Daily and Weekly Telegraph," which has the largest circulation of any paper in Iowa, and which has been distributing a very large number of copies of "Black Beauty" throughout that State.

In conversation with him he showed us the above picture, and gave us an interesting account of three boys, Russell, Charley, and John Rourke, who are helping to distribute his paper in Dubuque. We asked permission to republish the picture in our columns, and sent through him to the boys, badges of the Band of Mercy and printed certificates of the pledge to be signed and returned by them.

We are happy to say that these three boys are now wearing the badge of our "American Band of Mercy," and in whatever position they may hereafter occupy, whether as governors of their native State or as presidents of the United States, we shall expect them to render good service as members of "The American Band of Mercy."

The "Telegraph Co." kindly say that they will send a picture of the three brothers, printed in a pretty color on a card three and one-half by six inches, making a neat little souvenir, to every reader of "Our Dumb Animals" upon application, without charge.

Stranger to cabman: "My good man, can you tell me the nearest way to the depot?"

Cabman: "Yes, sir, just inside the cab, here, sir."

RT. REV. MGR. PATRICK STRAIN, P.R.

We have recently written the Rev. Father Strain, whom we have had the pleasure of knowing many years, and who is now at Rome, suggesting certain plans, from which we hope great good may result.

Through the 200,000 Protestant Christian women belonging to "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union" we are widely establishing our "Bands of Mercy" on this continent.

Now, if through the great Roman Catholic Church we can establish them around the world, we shall be able to wonderfully help forward the millennium which all Christian people earnestly long for.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

We regret that in last "Our Dumb Animals," because (as in the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaclava) somebody blundered, we printed the name of our friend and brother director, the genial publisher and editor of the "Boston Pilot," Donahoe.

We cannot afford to drop from our list of directors the name of Patrick Donahoe.

CATHARINE SMITHIES, OF LONDON.

In the last number of this paper I gave, under the heading of "Which seems to me the Best Charity of the Day," the following extracts from letters I had at different times received:

(1) From Rev. Dr. Frederic H. Hedge: "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day."

(2) From that eminent leader of the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union," Frances E. Willard: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one. Not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

(3) From that eminent Christian woman of England, Catharine Smithies: "I think the teaching to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the gospel of Christ."

The question comes, Who is Catharine Smithies?

I answer, one of the best women who ever lived in England, and founder of the first English "Band of Mercy."

She was the mother of T. B. Smithies, the eminent English publisher; and when, in June, 1869, and afterwards in June, 1870, I was in London, her family—whom I had the pleasure of visiting—consisted of herself, her son Mr. T. B. Smithies, and a daughter.

I had the pleasure of laying before them my plans of humane education, and it was through their influence that I was subsequently invited to lay them before the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her friends.

Five years subsequently Mrs. Smithies established the first "Band of Mercy" in England and the world, and after establishing it wrote me, December 20, 1875, in a letter which I preserve as one of my choicest treasures: "I do not forget that you it was that was the means in God's hand of beginning the 'Ladies' Society,' one fruit of which is the present one."

Subsequently Mrs. Smithies died, and Mr. Smithies sent me a beautiful oil portrait of his good mother, which now hangs in the offices of our Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

While on its way Mr. Smithies himself died, and his sister soon after sent me his portrait and her own, which also hang in our offices. Subsequently she died, and all that pleasant family have passed from this, as I humbly trust, to a higher and better life.

Who was Catharine Smithies? The proper answer is, she was the founder of the first Band of Mercy in the world.

Hundreds of branches of her Band have been established in England, and over ten thousand branches of our "American Band of Mercy" have been established in America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A single grateful thought toward heaven is a most effective prayer. — Lessing.

A GOOD LETTER FROM GENOA, ITALY.

GENOA, April 12, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I am so happy to hear you are better. Will you please accept the enclosed one hundred dollars for your "Humane Education Society," with warm sympathy and kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

A. CHAMPLIN.

A GOOD LETTER.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Eldridge sends Mr. Angell a hundred dollars which she would be glad to have used by "The American Humane Education Society" in the distribution of "Black Beauty."

A GOOD LETTER FROM A FRIEND OUTSIDE THE STATE.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Please accept check of one hundred and fifty-six dollars for "American Humane Education Society," and use in any way you think best.

\$25.

We are pleased to receive from a lady of Orange, New Jersey, a check of \$25 to supply D. L. Moody's boys' school at Northfield, Mass., with copies of "Black Beauty."

CAROLINE A. MASON.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred dollars from Mr. Chas. Mason, of Fitchburg, in memory of his wife deceased, Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, who was a warm friend of our society and has written some beautiful poems which have appeared at different times in "Our Dumb Animals."

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

We are in receipt of a letter telling of fearful cruelty inflicted on donkeys in Santa Fe, and expressing the earnest hope that we may be able to do something to stop it.

We answer that our "American Humane Education Society" is now striving and beginning to carry humane education into New Mexico.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA.

We are in receipt of a letter from Oroomiah telling of terrible cruelty there, and asking our help, and offering to have some of our literature translated into the Persian language. We send at once, from our "American Humane Education Society," "Black Beauty" and other literature.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

We are glad to learn of the founding of a society P. C. A. in Savannah, and to receive a request for copies of all our publications.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

We are pleased to receive a large order for our humane publications from Auckland, New Zealand.

CALCUTTA.

We have received the 1890 Report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A., which shows 7269 convictions in 1890, against 6674 in 1889. When it becomes necessary to obtain 7269 convictions for cruelty to animals in a single city in a single year, there is evidently great need of humane education.

THE POOR OF LONDON.

We have just read a terrible description of the condition of the poor in London,—the terrible struggle there of, it may be, some two hundred thousand of London's population, to obtain from day to day food sufficient to save them from starvation; and we ask whether in wealthy England, the richest nation of the world, this would not have been long since remedied if the wealthy men and women of England had received in their childhood the humane education we are endeavoring through our "Bands of Mercy" and otherwise to promote in America.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

It is always a pleasure to us to read one of the kind, cheery letters of our good friend, Frances E. Willard, and we know she will pardon us for letting our readers also have a little of the same pleasure, by publishing the following. Miss Willard, we are glad to say, is a vice-president of our "American Humane Education Society:"—

EVANSTON, ILL., May 8, 1891.

DEAR FRIEND:

Let me send you a very choice name, that of Mrs. — of Evanston. She is the wife of one of the famous — brothers, a woman of wealth and potentiality of work; but she does not seem to "catch on" to any of the lines we have taken up in Evanston, and confesses to me that her inspiration is for the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. She could make it what the boys call "a humming success" here in Evanston, and I wish you would write her, send her your literature, tell her what I tell you, and ask her to take hold and help.

Ever yours, with pleasant memories of the morning when Anna Gordon and I saw you standing in your bright, wide-open window, with the doves flocking in to get their morning meal.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A NORTH DAKOTA WOMAN.

It is a great pleasure to know that the law recently enacted by the Legislature of North Dakota to punish cruelty to animals was largely the work of a noble woman, Mrs. Bartholomew, of Bismarck, wife of Judge Bartholomew of the Supreme Court of North Dakota.

She drew the bill, got a member to introduce it, and watched its passage at every stage, remaining at the Capitol until ten o'clock on the last night of the session, in order to get the bill through the Senate.

It is another pleasure to say that we have been corresponding with Mrs. Bartholomew and sending her "Our Dumb Animals," and she has been actively working in our interests in other ways.

To the above I add what I have just written to another of the most earnest and influential women in America:—

"It is one of the most mysterious things that so many male persons who think they are trying to benefit the world should seem to be so totally blind as to entirely ignore what is more important than all of them are doing, namely, Humane Education,—an education which is capable of not only increasing the happiness of millions of human lives, but of going a long way towards preventing and stopping every form of cruelty and crime."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN BOSTON.

Mr. Horace M. Wilson, of "The University Press," Cambridge, has written, under the head of "A Foolish and Cruel Scheme," in "The Boston Transcript," a most earnest protest against the cruelty of keeping a large number of animals, unaccustomed to our climate, unnaturally confined and slowly dying. He closes by expressing the hope that all the money will be devoted to an aquarium, and to making fit the best in the world, and that no attempt will be made to establish a "zoological hell."

Mr. Wilson writes us to the same effect.

We add that no one thing in all Europe more pleasantly impressed us than the splendid Aquarium at Berlin, where the immense collection of fishes, supplied fully with suitable water and food, could be seen and studied.

We are glad to learn that it is not intended to place in our proposed zoological garden any animal not suited to our climate, or any animal confined in a cage.

THE BALTIMORE SUN.

We find in "The Baltimore Sun," of May 16th, the following in regard to "Black Beauty:"—

The book has been or is being translated into all the languages of continental Europe, and it is said that editions in Arabic and Turkish are under way. These will pretty certainly be followed by editions in Japanese, Chinese, and other Asiatic languages, so that "Black Beauty" bids fair to be known to the uttermost parts of the earth, and all over it.

"YPSILANTIAN."

In the above-named paper, published at Ypsilanti, Michigan, we find an interesting account of a convention of horses owned by officials of "The Methodist Episcopal Church," at which, with much praise of their kind masters, they consider how it will be possible to obtain a comfortable horse shed to protect them from the weather, and this was the conclusion:—

It was finally agreed to ask Mr. George T. Angell to send a copy of "Our Dumb Animals" to every member of the church board. It was proposed, also, to add a copy of "Black Beauty," but the very cheapest edition of that cost ten cents, and the equine exchequer was empty.

After a little social chat on the weather and the outlook for spring ploughing, the meeting was adjourned, subject to call.

Then occurred a singular thing. Blackie, Bonnibel, Sparkle, and Mayor stood in a row, put their noses together, and began a gentle whinnying that seemed after a little to fall into a regular cadence, and take the semblance of a tune. Just where this singular music left off and the sounds began to clothe themselves with words your reporter is utterly unable to tell; but when he awoke he was conscious of these lines drifting through his brain:—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

DOG LAW IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We are informed that a dog law recently enacted in New Hampshire is resulting in great destruction to what Cuvier declared to be "the most useful conquest ever made by man." From a well-known friend we have this morning a most painful account of a man undertaking to kill his own dog, and burying him. The dog was dug up by another dog, came crawling back to his master's door, and will now be permitted to live out his natural life. The whole story is too painful to be recorded in our columns. In this connection we add the following, which appeared in the "Boston Post," May 8th:—

An incident occurred on Beacon Street, near the corner of Park Street, yesterday noon, which will illustrate the average case of "mad dog" and the circumstances that cause dogs to exhibit signs of rabies.

At the time mentioned three gamins, who in their wanderings had captured a small Yorkshire terrier, were dragging the animal along Beacon Street by means of a rope attached to its neck. The poor little brute, which was evidently some one's pet, for it had on a collar and bell, was almost crazed with fright and struggled to free itself from its captors, tugging at the cord and crying piteously.

A gentleman in one of the neighboring stores took the dog away from the boys and carried it into a place of shelter; but the animal was still greatly terrified, and barked and jumped away wildly. This attracted the attention of passers by, who began to cry "mad dog;" but fortunately Mr. Angell, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was passing and took charge of the little wail. In a few minutes the animal was quieted down, and after eating some food it went to sleep as well as ever.

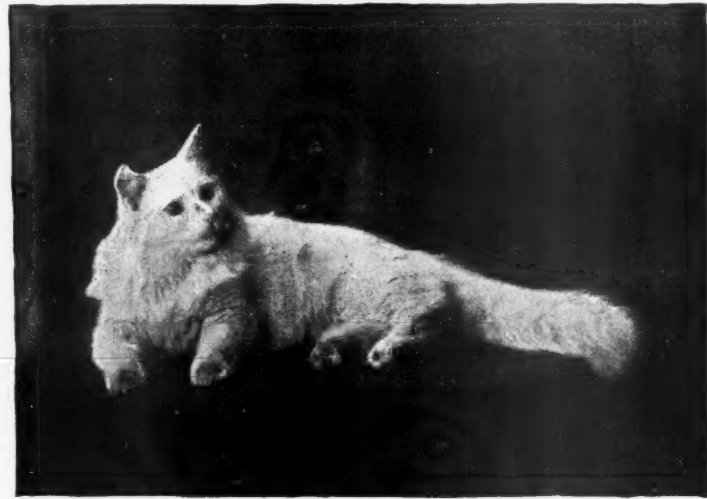
BAD AND GOOD.

A vice-president of our "American Humane Education Society," who has recently visited the southern cities of Columbia, Charleston, and Aiken, S. C., writes us that the condition of dumb animals in Columbia is terrible, and no one she met there had ever heard of "Black Beauty."

At Charleston, on the contrary, she found the condition of dumb animals excellent, their treatment kind, and a good humane society, and almost everybody she met had either read or was just going to read "Black Beauty."

At Aiken she found the people well informed in regard to "Black Beauty," a humane society, and animals apparently well treated.

The annoyance flies cause horses in the field during midsummer is serious. A little coal-tar or pine-tar or pitch, diluted if you like, is a good preventive, applied to the more sensitive parts.—N. Y. Tribune.



FLUFFY.

Last month we had the pleasure of presenting to our readers "Tim," belonging to a New York Vice-President of our "American Humane Education Society." This month we have the pleasure of presenting "Fluffy," who has a large circle of friends in Philadelphia, and belongs to Mrs. A. L. Lowry, of Philadelphia, also a Vice-President of our "American Humane Education Society."

DESERVES A MEDAL.

ASHLAND, MASS., April 23, 1891.

MR. ANGELL:

Sir,—Please score one for the canine. At midnight Tuesday night a fire broke out in house of Mr. Manning. Their dog, part shepherd and part spaniel, gave the alarm by barking, which aroused the family. They ordered him to be quiet. The barking continued. Mrs. M. got up, and at once saw the trouble. This timely discovery was fortunate, as a store, tailor shop, several dwellings, and the Baptist church were in close proximity to the burning building. Fortunately the fire department were soon on the scene, and the fire extinguished.

Mrs. M. says \$50 would have bought the dog before the fire; now she would not part with him for \$100. And she says, when she was talking of him the dog looked up and pricked up his ears, as if he knew what she was saying.

P.S.—The dog had a good dinner the next day, in approval of his service.

M. A. HOMER.

[We hope he has a good dinner every day.—EDITOR.]

HARTFORD, CONN.

We are glad to receive from Rodney Dennis, Esq., president of the Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford, copies of an eloquent sermon by Rev. Geo. Leon Walker, preached in First Church, Hartford, May 3d, entitled "Our Humble Associates." The society print 5000 copies. Those wishing it can write Mr. Dennis. We shall publish most of it in July "Our Dumb Animals."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

OUR SPARROWS.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., Boston:

Dear Sir,—The much abused English sparrow, like the "McKinley Bill," needs only to be understood to be esteemed. Last spring, when my best Seckel pear tree was in bloom, I noticed these sparrows, several at a time, and for several days, busily picking the blossoms—not the leaves, but over the leaves, down into the buds, and I despaired of getting any fruit on that tree; but in the fall I picked from that tree more than a barrel of the largest and fairest Seckels I ever saw. My good friends, the English sparrows, had picked the worms from the buds, and left me the perfect fruit.

Those sparrows received their return for that service, during the winter. They had their breakfast as members of my family, and about as regularly. In fact, they would come for it at my call.

Yours very truly,

S. A. FAUNCE.

27 School St., Boston, May 9, 1891.

TWO CATS.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

While visiting Mr. White, of Randolph, Mass., I heard him tell about two half-grown cats he has, which are in the habit of getting on his horse's back while in the stable. He tells me he always finds the cats on the horse's back every morning. He finds that they walk along the side of the stall part way and jump onto the horse, and the horse seems pleased to have them. Mr. White took the horse out and gave the two cats a ride around the drive-way, the cats remaining on the horse until his return to the stable.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

McALLISTER.

A STORY THAT ENDS ALL RIGHT.

BY FANNIE M. WHITMAN.

"Mi-a-ow-w-w," said McAllister in a doleful minor key. He looked despairingly around, and repeated his former assertion, then sat down on the hard sidewalk as flat as he could, which was pretty flat, for he was a very fat, square-built little kitten; but presently perceiving a Skye terrier advancing, McAllister somewhat hurriedly rose and travelled on again as fast as his astonishingly short yellow legs would carry him.

Early that morning he had been forcibly ejected from the house of Mrs. Flinnigan. She had kept him to amuse her children, and it was only lately that he had graduated from the basket where he had dwelt with his mother and other small relations. For several days Mrs. Flinnigan had endured his perpetual attendance upon her somewhat massive pedal extremities, but this particular morning she had discovered him skirmishing around among the edibles destined for breakfast, where he had been put by one of the mischievous young Flinnigans, and remarked in an energetic tone, "Shure, I can't be having that little devil round any longer. When he was too little to walk, he helped kape the children quiet when I did me washing, but now he rins over the place like a sar-r-pint, and I can't endoor it no longer, at all," and she forthwith laid violent hands upon the innocent "little devil," and "fired him out," as she classically expressed it.

Such, in brief, was McAllister's history, and he had been wandering over the city all day long, and had undergone such trials and persecutions as he could not contemplate with any degree of equanimity. Not being very strong on the aforesaid short yellow legs, he was at present a very tired and discouraged kitten, but still he pushed perseveringly onward. Now, everybody knows that perseverance deserves reward, and McAllister's was even then travelling towards him in the person of little Polly Jenkins, aged ten years. Only that morning her father, a busy man, had said, "My daughter, you are now old enough to have a regular allowance of pocket money, and hereafter shall have fifty cents on the last day of every week, which I believe is Saturday." Then, patting her hastily on the head, he said, "Run away, child, I'm busy," and immediately forgot her very existence. He would doubtless never have thought of making her an allowance at all, but Polly's aunt (the poor child's mother had lately died) had suggested it to him.

Well, as has been said before, Polly was walking along the sidewalk, pondering on the question how she should spend the fortune into which she had lately come, when suddenly something soft and warm made a futile effort to ascend her back by means of her dress, in which its claws were firmly fastened. It gave her quite a start, but glancing down in the direction of the something, she beheld,—nothing more harmful than our youthful friend McAllister.

Her startled feeling gave place to one akin to rapture. Stopping, she seized upon the fat little yellow ball of fur, and bore him away bodily, bestowing upon him a large number of loving little pats, inexpressibly comforting to the little wanderer. "My, my," said McAllister to himself, "there never was such an angel before, in this whole world of Boston," and he made an ineffectual attempt to rub his nose against the angel's. Polly heard what he said, but supposed he was only purring, and cuddled him up closer, which caused him to "purr" more than ever.

Reaching home, Polly found her father at his books and papers, and she immediately laid McAllister down before him. Mr. Jenkins eyed McAllister somewhat sternly, but McAllister, in his innocent light-heartedness, returned the eying so boldly, not to say brazenly, that the man of business felt himself at a disadvantage, and transferred his attention to Polly, who was unreservedly offering to relinquish all claim to her allowance, if she might keep McAllister. "And I'm sure," she wound up, or rather ran down, breathlessly, "that such a little thing as he is couldn't eat more in a week than fifty cents would pay for, and if you please, may I keep him." "So you are willing," said her father, "to give up your allowance for the sake of that little yellow thing," thus he contemptuously designated McAllister; "why, Polly, I thought you were very much pleased with the idea of an allowance." "Yes, sir," said Polly, honestly, her lip quivering a little in spite of all she could do, for after all her plans it was hard to give it up. "I was pleased with it," said she, "but this little kitten has n't any home, and if I turn him out on the street again he'll be killed by some dog or a horrid boy. And besides," she said, despairingly, "it's so lonesome here since—since mother died, and he seems to understand and try to comfort me, and then he'd be here watching for me when I came home from school every day, and he,"—"There, there, Polly, my dear," interrupted her father, the brightness of his glasses dimmed by something—perhaps the dampness in the air—"keep your kitten and your allowance too. I have no earthly use for it. Run away now, child, I'm busy." "Strange, strange," said he to himself as Polly went slowly away with the precious little McAllister hugged tightly to her breast, "that I have never before noticed what a good girl Polly is. I've never once thought that she has not been having good times like other girls. Well! well! I'll do better by the child hereafter," and he sighed as he turned to his books again.

And he was as good as his word: his little daughter knew no more sad days. McAllister was retained in the Jenkins family, where he lived a life of credit and propriety, and reached a green old age, and "if he's not gone he lives there still." And little Polly Jenkins rejoices to this day.

A BOX ON THE EAR.

One of Browning's most beautiful and pathetic poems, and one intelligible to whomsoever runs, commemorates the act of an old Earl of Arundel, who, having struck his little child on the head, had the picture of himself and the child painted, the child as he became in after years, imbecile from the effects of that blow. It would be well, we think, for every parent, and for all those having children on their hands, to commit these verses to memory; for the injury done to children by the quick and careless box on the ear, that is thought nothing of at the time, is something incalculable. It is dangerous to hit a tender child a blow upon so delicate an organ as the ear, even with the flat and open hand. It has produced violent inflammations in the ear, and running discharges for years; blood has been known to follow it immediately; and when this has not happened, partial and even total deafness has been the consequence in many instances. Idiocy has been traced to it, and in more than one case it has been found that fatal brain disease has followed a box on the ear.—*Harper's Bazar*.

HIS OLD BLACK MARE.

About thirty years ago a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer named Conrad lived in the western part of that State, several miles from the village where he did his trading. He owned an old black mare which he always rode on his trips to town, and, being a sort of Tam o' Shanter, the old mare never carried home a sober load. Her care over her owner (for when he was drunk she furnished the sense for both) was remarkable. She would go up to a stump or fence to enable him to climb on her back when he had great difficulty in managing himself, and would never start till he was in the saddle. When he would lean over her to the right or left she would move in the same direction, and would actually strive to keep herself under him. If he fell off, which he often did, she would stand over him till help came or he got sober enough to rise. When she got him home she would whinny till some member of the household came out.—*Wallace's Monthly*.

PIGEONS AGAINST BEES.

A pigeon fancier of Hamme, in Westphalia, made a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cot from the same distance. The competitors were given wing at Rhyndern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon; three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon, the main body of both detachments finishing almost simultaneously an instant or two later. The bees, too, may be said to have been handicapped in the race, having been rolled in flour before starting, for purposes of identification.

BLUSTER, BRIGHT, AND SPRINKLE.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN, BUT OLDER PEOPLE WILL ENJOY READING IT.

Bluster—The Wind.

Bright—The Sun.

Sprinkle—The Rain.

Once there were three great giants who helped the tiny flowers, the great trees, the brooks, all the little woodland inhabitants. Neither the blue violets nor the delicate white snow-drops could ever have waked up in the spring, nor the great red roses and yellow sunflowers could have opened their eyes in the summer, nor the trees have put on their green dresses, nor the pussy willows have thrown off their fur caps, if *Bright* had not been ready to warm the big, brown house where their winter's bed was found. Nor could they ever have crawled into those cozy places if *Bluster* had not run with them, and with his great hand gathered up dried leaves and earth to make warm comforts for them. Who but *Sprinkle* would have remembered that little baby seeds get thirsty during the winter, and could have given them the good drinks and gentle pats that this great, friendly giant sent down to them?

Tightly wrapped in their beds, they lay waiting for Spring to call them; gentle, loving Spring, who always needs and calls upon her three great giant friends to help her bring the birds back home, and to wake up the flower-babies and set them to work. She had sent *Bright* to touch, with his warm fingers, their brown house, and had asked *Sprinkle* to tap at their doors and tell the little flower-people to get up. *Bluster* was ready to welcome them as they peeped out, and blew his warm breath on their little hands.

The violet, by the thousands were nodding their tiny purple caps; the snow-drops had peeped up, finished their work, and gone to sleep again; the robins, who had gone off for their winter's trip, had come back, and the little brooks had been filled with water, and were dancing merrily among the stones, thanking old *Sprinkle* for the quantities of water he brought them, while—would you believe it?—*Pussy Willow*, with her little brown fur cap closely tied on, was still asleep. The violets called to her that it was time to get up, and Robin Redbreast, as he flew by, called to her, saying, "Oh, you lazy Pussy! How can you stay asleep so long, when everybody else has waked up and gone to work?" *Pussy* heard, but her mother had told her to wait, for *Jack Frost* was still lurking around, and might come back.

Bluster, Bright, and Sprinkle talked about her and wondered why she had not wakened. *Sprinkle* said: "I believe she is thirsty; I will give her a cool drink, and maybe she will rouse up."

Bluster said: "No, she is lazy; I will shake her and make her get up."

Bright said nothing, but quietly waited. *Sprinkle* sent down a shower of cold water, which made *Pussy* draw her cap all the more closely.

Bluster shook her, at first gently, then harder and harder, and at last very roughly, but *Pussy* did not stir. They went back and told *Bright* what they had done, and how *Pussy* still kept on her fur cap. *Bright* smiled and said: "I will see what I can do."

Calling all his little sunbeam sons and daughters to him, he told them *Pussy Willow's* story, and asked if they would like to go and help her wake up and enjoy the springtime. Joyfully they started off to work, joining hands, they danced around *Pussy*, making her feel warm and comfortable. Softly and lovingly they tapped.

Pussy Willow heard them, felt the warmth and gentle, tender touch of those dear little helpers; and, while they worked, out she peeped and saw her good friends and play-fellows helping her. She threw off her brown fur cap, and, shaking her silky, gold hair, nodded and smiled at the violets and dandelions around her.

Bluster and Sprinkle shook their heads and wondered how *Bright* had waked her up. *Bright* said nothing, yet still kept on working.

The next time Robin flew by he stopped to speak to *Pussy*, and to sit and sing to her, telling her, in his song, how sorry he was that he had laughed at her, and how glad that she had at last come out to enjoy the springtime. *Pussy* was happy to see all her friends again, and to swing to and fro as *Bluster* rocked her gently. She smiled up at *Bright*, who still sent her his children to play with her.

She thanked *Sprinkle* whenever he sent her cool, fresh water to drink,—as he always did when the days were hot.

The last we saw of *Pussy* and her neighbors she was merrily laughing, surrounded by the violets, dandelions, and spring beauties, the centre of a circle around which her three giant friends were dancing hand in hand, *Sprinkle* throwing drops of crystal water over her golden-yellow hair, out of which *Bluster* was trying to shake the drops as he blew the silky threads, and *Bright* smiling on her, until each tiny hair looked like gold, and each drop of water a real diamond.—From article by Anne E. Allen in *The Kindergarten*.

A BRAVE BATTLE.

In the yard of A. A. Bruner some quail from Rancho Chico have built their nest. A few days ago there was a pretty little brood hatched out, and the mother quail took pleasure in caring for her young. Mr. Bruner encouraged her by putting within reach soft feed suitable for the baby quails. Last Sunday a Maltese tom cat, belonging to Harry Fuller, made its appearance in the yard on a foraging expedition, and, watching the opportunity, made a dash at the mother quail, caught it, and was taking it to his own domain to devour. The cry and noise made by the bird was heard by the male, who came to the rescue, and a regular battle ensued. He attacked the cat, pecking with beak and striking with wings until he forced the cat to release the mother bird. The two birds then got on the fence and watched the retreating form of the cat with evident signs of satisfaction, no doubt congratulating each other.—*Chico (Cal.) Enterprise*.

IKE'S NEW VISITORS.

Ike Carlton was such a cruel boy! He would pull off the wings of flies, pin live butterflies to boards, break in the backs of turtles, and amputate the legs of frogs. When any one remonstrated with him about his cruelty, he would cry "O phaw! they can't feel much," and then go in quest of another victim. The long summer days he devoted almost entirely to this wicked sport, and in time all the neighbors spoke of him as "Hard-hearted Ike Carlton." To be sure, the boy had no kind parents to teach him better, and the aunt who was bringing him up cared very little what he was about as long as he was not troubling her.

One night Ike had not been in bed very long when a brilliant light suddenly filled his room, and he sprang up to see what caused the illumination. There, seated in his best chair, he beheld an immense cat. The animal was actually larger than Ike himself, and by the time Ike had recovered from his astonishment at seeing this visitor he discovered on another chair a turtle almost as big as the cat. Near by he saw a butterfly of extraordinary size, and, when his eyes opened wider, he found out that all the seats in his room were occupied by just such strange visitors. In fact, there were more than the chairs could accommodate, and these were seated on the floor. Presently they all began to talk at once, and they made such a hubbub that the cat rapped on a little stand he had drawn up in front of him and said with a very serious manner, "The meeting will please come to order." Instantly all voices were hushed, and then a frog who was present stood up on his hind legs, and looked so very funny that Ike would have laughed outright had not the creature's words struck terror into his heart.

"Mr. President," began the frog, "as the chairman of the committee for preventing cruelty to insects and animals of all descriptions, I arise to state what the committee has decided to do. We intend to make the last and greatest offender feel what our brothers and sisters suffered. The culprit is the boy, Ike Carlton. Mr. House Fly is to pull out his eye-lashes and a large bunch of hair."

"O! but that will hurt!" yelled Ike from the seat which he had taken on his bed.

"That is no consideration," said Mr. President. "You had no thought for the feelings of Mr. Fly's brothers when you cruelly pulled off their wings and legs, and left them to suffer. That hurt too."

"Mr. Bull-frog," continued the chairman of the committee, "you are to cut off one of his legs."

"You wicked thing!" screamed Ike. "You don't know what a painful operation that is. Besides, I can't walk without my leg."

"Neither could Mr. Bull-frog's brother," answered the cat; "but you cut off his leg, and left him wounded and bleeding. It hurt him just as much as it will you."

Ike groaned, and wished he had not interfered with frogs. He remembered that he had thus cruelly treated a poor helpless one that very morning.

"You, Mr. President, are to step on him, and kick him all around the room."

"I won't stand it," cried Ike.

"But you will be compelled to stand it," calmly spoke the president. "You made my poor mother endure your kicks and abuses."

"I'll run out of the room," thought Ike, and he slipped quietly to the door, only to find it locked and the key gone. Then he sat down in despair, and waited for further developments.

"And last, but not least," said the chairman of the committee, "Mr. Yellow Butterfly is to pin him to a board so fast that he will have to stick there and suffer till he dies." Ike was in agony. Could it be possible that these creatures would be cruel enough to kill him?

"Oh, please, Mr. Cat, don't let them murder me!" he cried, dropping on his knees before the president. "I am my aunt's only nephew, and she would grieve very much if I met such a violent death. And then, think how it would hurt to have a pin stuck through my body!"

"But you did not consider the pain when you stuck pins through the bodies of many of Mr. Butterfly's relations. Neither did you think of the sorrow of the mourners. We must make an example of some boy, or these abuses will go on to the end of time. You are the worst offender, and at the last meeting we decided to make an example of you. Our relations are just as sensitive to pain as you are, Mr. Ike Carlton, and we have as much right to enjoy the good things of this world as you have."

"But I did not think how it all hurt," pleaded the frightened boy, "and I'll promise never, never, never to do it again."

After that speech the committee had a consultation, and returned to say that they thought it better to show no mercy. If once let loose, the boy would be as bad as before, and cruel boys had become the terror of the entire animal and insect world.

Still Ike continued his pleadings, but the president turned down his furry ears and said to the members, "Form in line."

First came Mr. House Fly, who was all ready to tear out Ike's hair and eye-brows; next came Mr. Bull-frog with his big knife, prepared to amputate the boy's leg; then Mr. President, ready to do his part of the abusing; and, lastly, Mr. Yellow Butterfly, carrying a prodigious pin with which he was to fasten the unhappy boy to a board.

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" screamed Ike, and with those words his horrible visitors vanished, and he awoke to the fact that he had been dreaming. "At any rate," he said to himself, with a shiver, "I have been taught a lesson, and I'll keep that promise I made to Mr. President. It will be easy enough, too, for I never again could hurt a living thing without feeling what I felt in my dream."

The neighbors wondered thereafter what had caused such a wonderful change to come over Ike Carlton, for he grew to be so gentle with insects and animals that his companions forgot his cruel nature, and gave him the name of "Ike Carlton, the tender-hearted."—*Congregationalist*.

Minister: "Have you ever cast your bread upon the waters?" Mrs. R. (proudly): "Never, since my first batch."

(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

ANNA SEWELL,

THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

A SKETCH PREPARED BY MR. EBEN SHUTE,
OF BOSTON,For many years Secretary of "The Massachusetts
Sunday School Association," from

"The Life and Letters of Miss Sewell's Mother,"

RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN LONDON.

It will be read with deep interest by the Christian men and women of America, and for that purpose is now published by "The American Humane Education Society."

For copies published in pamphlet form, write GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston. Price, \$1.00 a hundred; less number at same rate.

Anna Sewell, the author of "Black Beauty," was born in Yarmouth, England. While only in her teens she met with an accident that crippled her for life. After her death, her mother (Mrs. Mary Sewell, author of "Mother's Last Words," "Our Father's Care," etc., etc.), writing in regard to her, said: "We tried everything as far as our circumstances would allow, for I always kept alive the hope that the healing time would come. And so the years passed away, neither of us yielding to despair — she always doing the most she could do, and doing all cheerfully. She is now safe in heaven, with all her work done. God has given her the victory. All who knew her loved her; and she has left an example of the most persevering industry and patience. Her sufferings never made gloom or a cloud in the house. She never brooded over her loss of power, or the loss of the changes or amusements which others enjoy. Her own mind was always a storehouse of refreshment to herself: it was a rich garden full of thought and ready appreciation of the genius and talents of others. She was my sunshine always; there never came the slightest cloud between us. Thank God."

Her early Christian life was of a somewhat ordinary type, but as she reached the age of twenty-five there was awakened an intense desire to know more of the personal Christ. At this time she writes: "This is my birthday. O what a happy one compared to any I have had so long! I feel as if I had exchanged a rough, stormy sea for a calm, smooth river. Last Sunday week was the first time I took my class for the afternoon. I did not get on very well, for in the morning I had given way to sin, and therefore did not get near to Christ, for I sinned wilfully, knowingly resisting the voice of the Spirit in my heart, and so the sting was left behind. The darkness returned for two or three days; then I was able to lay my sin at the feet of my Saviour, and leave it there." Two months later her diary reads: "Mother went to Brighton and I stayed to attend to the planting of seeds in the garden. My feet were very weak, and I prayed that they might be strengthened sufficiently for me to attend to what was necessary. The Lord most graciously heard me and gave me more strength than I have had for some time, so that I am able to see after the garden properly."

At this time Miss Sewell's father's business carried him daily ten miles from his home. A friend, writing of the time, says: "Anna unconsciously studied for 'Black Beauty' in driving her father to and from the Shoreham station." Seventeen years afterwards the same friend, who had been visiting the family, says: "When the carriage that was to take me to



"A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

the station came to the door, Anna was standing in the hall, enveloped in a large mackintosh. The future writer of 'Black Beauty' was to be my driver. I found that she and her mother were in the habit of driving out most days without attendance, the understanding between themselves and their horse being perfect. The persistent rain obliged us to keep up our umbrellas. Anna seemed simply to hold the reins in her hand, trusting to her voice to give all the needed directions to her horse. She evidently believed in a horse having a moral nature, if we may judge by her mode of remonstrance. 'Now thee shouldn't walk up this hill; don't thee see how it rains? Now thee must go a little faster; thee would be sorry for us to be late at the station.' I think it was during this drive that I told Anna of something Horace Bushnell had written about animals. Soon after the publication of 'Black Beauty' I had a little note from her, written from her sofa, in which she says: 'The thoughts you gave me from Horace Bushnell years ago have followed me entirely through the writing of my book, and have, more than anything else, helped me to feel it was worth a great effort to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more in harmony with the purposes of God on this subject.'

The years of suffering passed slowly on. "Do thee never break down or fret about it, darling?" said her mother. She replied: "Sometimes when I am alone in my room I do

say, 'Poor Nannie.' But as the efforts of physicians proved entirely unavailing, she and her mother felt that something more was needed than even patience and hope. They knew they wanted some greater deliverance than they had hitherto asked or thought, and they threw themselves afresh on the guidance of the Spirit, and asked to be shown how to attain the perfect harmony with His will, — how to be one with Him in His plans and purposes, and not to be permitted to be so often asking for something which appeared to be crossing His will.

The result of this entire yielding up the will to God — the consent given on their part that the furnace should be what He chose to make it, was that "He turned for them the shadow of death into morning." The word is not "exchanged." The wonderful alchemy known in heaven can make morning out of the shadow of death. The promise was fulfilled to them — "I will give thee the treasures of darkness."

The year 1874 was a marked one to Anna Sewell. In that year a friend sent her a little booklet, by Mrs. Pearsall Smith, called "A Word to the Wavering Ones." Those who had watched her perfect patience and uprightness before God and man were astonished that she could class herself among these. But through the means of that little book she received something which her soul had longed for all her life. She wrote to a friend that though she had

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
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| 10087 Touch-me-not Band. P., Miss Cammack. | 10115 U. S. Grant Band. P., Eva Hageman. | 10144 W. C. Bryant Band. P., Miss Gilmore. | 10171 Douglas Band. P., A. R. Sheppard. | 10197 Protectors Band. P., Miss V. Buck. |
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| 10090 Lincoln Band. P., Don C. Barrett. | 10118 Redbird Band. P., K. S. Gasst. | 10147 Louisa M. Alcott Band. P., Mrs. W. F. Gilchrist. | 10174 Montreal, Canada. Easter Band. P., Miss Le Messurier. | 10201 Reading, Pa. Grace Band. P., Emma M. Moser. |
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| 10092 Wilning Helpers Band. P., Julia Kessler. | 10120 I'll Try Band, No. 2. P., Olive Ardery. | 10149 Lily Band. P., Mary Stewart. | 10176 Hickory, N. C. Loyal Band. P., Susie Shuford. | 10203 Jericho Centre, Vt. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Sarah V. Booth. |
| 10093 I'll Try Band. P., Eva Kessler. | 10121 Busy Bee Band, No. 2. P., Miss Walling. | 10150 I'll Try Band. P., Florence Pierce. | 10177 Franklin Falls, N. H. Morrison School Band. P., Lendal S. Colby. | 10204 Hickory, N. C. Loyal Band. P., Fannie Ingold. |
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| 10099 White Rose Band. P., M. M. Brady. | 10127 St. Paul, Minn. Franklin Star Band. P., Violet Battelle. | 10156 Violet Band, No. 2. P., Ina Col. | 10183 Bowdoin Band. P., Anabel Brash. | |
| 10100 Forget-me-not Band. P., E. B. Goddin. | 10128 Rose Band. P., Mrs. E. R. Durfee. | 10157 Lincoln Band. P., Lizzie Thompson. | 10184 Cissna Park, Ill. Cissna Park Band. P., Harlie Newlin. | |
| 10101 Violet Band. P., N. B. Powers. | 10129 Frazer, Pa. Alpha Band. P., Helen Cope. | 10158 Forget-me-not Band. P., Kittie W. Anderson. | | |
| 10102 Lily Band. P., Clara Swander. | 10130 Providence, R. I. Humane Effort Band. P., Robert Grant. | | | |
| | 10131 Ruatan, Bay Islands, Honduras. Mount Hoole Band. P., John A. Nelson. | | | |

loved her Saviour for so many years, that summer was the first time that she had really known what it is to abide in Christ.

This latter experience was during the time she was occupied in writing "Black Beauty." The first mention of this work occurs in her journal under date November 6, 1871: "I am writing the life of a horse and getting dolls ready for Christmas." No other entry on this subject occurs till December 6, 1876: "I am getting on with my little book, 'Black Beauty.'" Another brief record is as follows: "I have for six years been confined to the house and to my sofa, and have from time to time, as I was able, been writing what I think will turn out a little book, its special aim being to induce kindness, sympathy, and an understanding treatment of horses." The next is dated August 21, 1877: "My first proofs of 'Black Beauty' are come; very nice type." It is touching to remember that this "beautiful equine drama," as it has been called, was thought out almost entirely from the sofa where so much weakness and pain were daily endured. When a time came during which she was capable of enduring the fatigue of writing, it was done in pencil—the mother, sitting by, received the paper from the weary hand and made a fair copy of it. That a book accom-

plished in such a fragmentary way should "show no joins," says much for the skill of the writer. But oh what discipline must have been endured in having perpetually to leave off in the most interesting place!

"Black Beauty" was published near the end of the year 1877, and Anna lived just long enough to hear of its remarkable success. But can she ever know what a mighty power for good it has been and is in this country? We have frequent opportunities of conversing with the London city missionaries to cabmen. Their testimony is, that many agencies have been at work of late years which have greatly helped to ameliorate the condition both of men and horses, such as cabmen's shelters, systematic religious and temperance teaching, the watchful vigilance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc.; but they say nothing has told so strongly for good among the men themselves, or induced such humane treatment of horses, as the influence and teaching they have gained from "Black Beauty." Both men and boys read it with the greatest avidity, and many declare it to be the best book in the world. Many of our public organs, foremost among them the "Times," have for some years past borne the strongest testimony to the remarkable improvement which has

taken place in everything connected with cabs and cabmen. *Perhaps few who chronicle these changes and improvements know how much of what they commend is due to the genius and prayers of one fragile woman.* "She never went forth to sow, but there rose from her lowly couch of pain the fervent, pleading prayer;" *the prayer for happier men, happier horses, and happier homes,* and that we might know how to use and not abuse God's munificent gifts to us; and God has heard her prayers and permitted her to be a fellow-worker with Himself in bringing about these beneficent changes.

Her life work was nearly done. In the winter of 1877-78, a cold settled on her lungs, and the feeble, worn-out frame had no power of resistance; rapid decline set in. In April, 1878, her mother wrote: "Day by day the precious life is longing for its home. 'Here in the body pent,' weary and breathless, suffering night and day. That is one side of the picture; here is another—resting in the will of God, without the shadow of a cloud between her soul and her Saviour. She is longing for the hour of her liberation, and I do not hold her. I give her up freely to her blessed portion—the remainder of my days sweetened by the thought of her certain gain."

The last little note before the end:—

Beloved Friend,— We are going through the valley in tender sunshine. Every rough stone is taken away before it appears in sight. We are both together under His wing. He knows our frame. He remembers we are but dust. Blessed be His name for His tender mercies. Most lovingly yours,
MARY SEWELL.

About three or four days after this I received a card in the well-known writing, and read:—

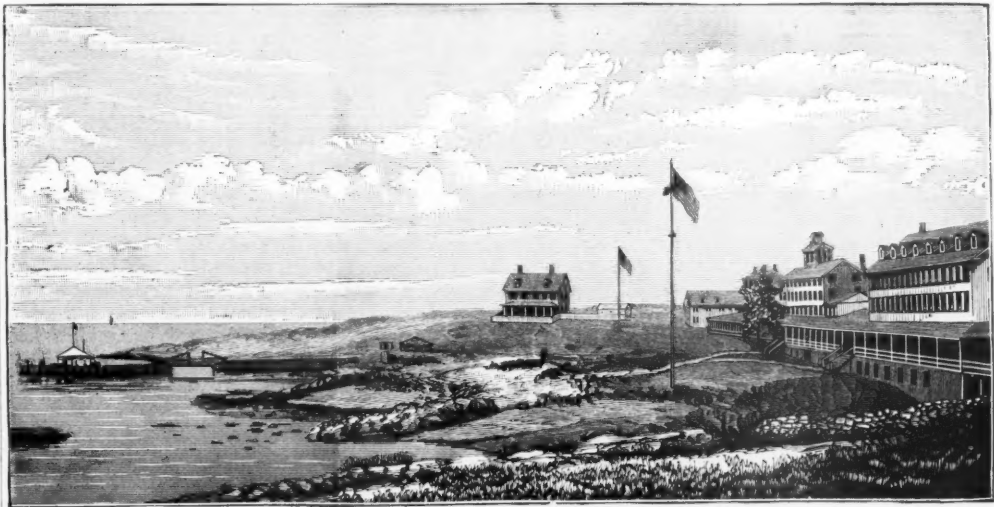
"Forever with the Lord."
"All tears wiped away."

At the end of a week came the following letter: "I will try to write you a few lines. . . . In the morning of the day, I went into her room about four o'clock, having heard her incessantly coughing for a long time. 'Oh,' she said, in her bright, sunny way, 'thou art not so good as thou saidst thou would be. Go to bed, darling; I really have had some nice sleep.' I returned again at six, with something very soft to place under her shoulders; every part of her back was so tender that no position afforded comfort. She said she would have it the next time the nurse moved her. In about an hour the nurse called me hastily, saying Anna was faint. I found her breathing with difficulty, but as soon as she could speak she said, with one of her inexpressible smiles, 'I am not going yet; I am so strong.' She then asked the nurse if that was dying. Her lips were often seen moving, and her clear, beautiful eyes raised upwards; then her face would be overspread with an almost luminous smile as she evidently received the answer. About a quarter of an hour before she passed away, she said, 'Pray,' and my Philip commended her into her Redeemer's hands, giving thanks for her full salvation, for all He had revealed to her, and for her perfect peace. She said: 'Amen; it is all quite, quite true.' Then in a clear voice she said: 'I am quite ready.' Her eyes sought me again. I laid my cheek on hers; a few more long-drawn breaths and she had left me behind. The angel had gone out of the house and left a void never to be filled till we meet again."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WILL THE ROBIN SING IN THAT LAND?

"Will the robin sing in that land?"
O, yes, the robin will sing in that land,
That land so fair and so true,
That lies, as some of us know,
In the depths of the fathomless blue.
And the violets will bloom over there,
Only fairer and sweeter than here;
And the daisies and mosses we love,
With a thousand-fold beauty and cheer.
And the children? Ah, yes! they will sing
Their gladdest and happiest songs,
And frolic and dance in their glee,
With no discord to silence their tongues.
And there will be friends in that land,
The dear, loving friends we have known.
We shall love, and be loved without fear
Of parting, around the white throne.
And homes? Yes, mansions of bliss
Are waiting for homeless ones here!
And no unkind word will be heard
To disturb the pure atmosphere there.
O beautiful land of delight!
So near us and yet so afar!
'Tis bursting e'en now on our sight,
With the bright and millennial star! E. M. J.



APPLEDORE HOTEL AND COTTAGE OF CELIA THAXTER AT ISLES OF SHOALS.
From "Poets' Homes," by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

To-day, looking from my window upon West Chester Park, where a new building is being erected, the writer saw a large, heavy wagon loaded with bricks, which the driver was vainly trying to back up to the building where the workmen were waiting for them. The horses struggled, the driver lashed them with his whip, and the other men helped push the wheels, but it was of no use. The driver became very violent, swore at the horses, one of whom seemed to be balky, and both exhausted. Faster fell the blows from his whip, but still they reared and plunged to no purpose. Finally a happy thought seemed to occur to the driver. He threw down the reins, descended from his seat, went up to one horse and then to the other, patted their heads, stroked their necks, and finally went to his dinner pail in the box of the wagon, got out a big red apple, cut it in two with his knife, and gave half to each horse, waited patiently until they had eaten it, and then mounted his box again, and picked up the reins.

One horse put his head over the other's neck, as much as to say, "Let's see if we can do it," and when the driver tightened up the reins and spoke to them, with one tremendous push the horses sent the wagon back to the desired spot. *If the teamsters in our city could have seen these horses to-day, no one would ever think of lifting a whip to his team again.* It was a lesson to us all. I write these few lines hoping others may profit by the lesson that they taught of the power of kindness.

Marlborough St., Boston, May 20, 1891.

An Irishman was told by a teacher that his charge for tuition was *two guineas* for the first month, and *one guinea* for the second. "Then, be jabbers," said Pat, "I'll begin the second month now."

It is not always proper to call the young man behind the soda fountain a doctor, even though he be a *fizzician*. — *Toledo Blade*.

THE SANDPIPER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Send back and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

GOOD SENSE.

A shepherd dog fell into a dry well in Oglethorpe county, Georgia. A young man went to the canine's rescue, and as soon as the animal heard his voice, it went into raptures of delight. The man procured a rope long enough to reach the bottom of the well, and lowering it was surprised to see the dog grasp the end firmly in his mouth and hold on until he was drawn to the top. The dog had received no serious injuries, and after a hearty meal was as frisky as ever. — *Boston Journal*.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society in April.

A Friend, \$156; Miss G. Kendall, \$100; Mrs. Edw. H. Eldredge, \$100; Mrs. A. G. K. Champlin, \$100; Mrs. A. L. Lowry, \$50; Mrs. John W. James, \$50; Caleb A. Curtis, \$20; Mrs. F. E. Holt, \$20; Mrs. W. S. Lincoln, \$6; Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, \$2.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

E. A. Goodnow, Miss S. M. Hale, Miss Julia A. Eastman, Mrs. Sarah Bringham, Homer Earle Sargent, Mrs. M. J. Towne, Mrs. Caroline C. Earle.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

Woman's Branch Pa. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$6; North-Western Mail, \$12; E. O. Vaill, \$24; Annie C. Clark, \$6; J. W. Kniskern, \$12; Western Pa. Humane Society, \$6; Mrs. Julia A. Colby, \$5; Mrs. A. L. Barber, \$8; Chas. E. Daniels, \$7.20; Annie H. Martin, \$7.20; V. L. Conrad, \$30; Mrs. Annie J. Bradbury, \$15.65; J. A. Price, \$6; W. H. Baker, \$9; Dutton & Partridge, \$120; Wm. Richardson, \$100.50; J. & A. McMillan, \$9; W. W. Smith, \$5; R. C. West, \$13.32; W. J. Sell, \$30; Lowell Humane Society, \$12; A. J. Smith, \$6; Mast, Crowell, & Kirkpatrick, \$125.15; New England News Co., \$252.56; Baker & Taylor Co., \$15; Wm. Beverley Harrison, \$16; Anna Bennett, \$6; A. C. Torrey, \$5.70; H. R. Nissley & Co., \$18.12; Jno. Wanamaker, \$23.86; Mrs. A. E. McIntyre, \$5.50; J. B. Lippincott Co., \$72.84.

All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$319.88.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in April.

Fines and witness' fees, \$83.00.

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Publications sold, \$203.00.

Receipts by the Treasurer in January and March, not previously published: Bequest, Mrs. Eliza P. Wilson, \$100; Harriet S. Tolman, in memory of Mrs. James Tolman, \$100; Atherton Perry Mason, \$100. Total, \$300.

Total, \$1554.65.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Animal World. London, England.
Zoophilist. London, England.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
Protector of Animals. Havre, France.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.
Schleswig-Holstein Journal for Care of Birds and Protection of Animals. Kiel, Germany.
Baltimore, Md. Report of the Maryland S. P. C. A., for 1890.
Buffalo, N. Y. Annual Report of the Erie Co. S. P. C. A., for 1890.
Philadelphia, Pa. Eighth Annual Report of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, for 1890.
Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Glasgow and West of Scotland S. P. C. A., for 1890.
Calcutta, India. Report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A., for 1890.
Hamburg, Germany. Annual Report of the Hamburg S. P. A., for 1890.

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